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### SOME GOLF PLAYERS BETTER BE CAREFUL TO ANSWER TO CHARGE OF EMPLOYING CHILDREN.

Clint Russell Thinks of Involving Child Labor Laws to Restrain Truancy.

Probation Officer C. B. Russell is endeavoring to solve a perplexing problem and he declares he is going to solve it if he has to resort to prosecution. Several boys who are supposed to be attending the North Chattanooga schools have been playing "hooky" in order that they might make a little change by acting as caddies for golfers at the golf and country club in Riverview. The probation officer is determined that the youngsters are going to school and his future course of action will be the serving out of warrants against golfers employing the boys. He says he is going to prosecute them for employing children. He took charge of a led Thursday morning and they were ready for a trip to Bonny Oaks when the fond mother pleaded with officer Russell to let her son off. On the strength of the promises made the boy was turned over to her.

### SEVEN MORE HEROES Chattanooga Boys Appearing in Late Casualty Lists.

Frank E. Watson, private; died of disease.  
Moses Moody, private; wounded severely.  
Carl Smith, corporal; wounded slightly.  
Hennie H. Smith, private; wounded slightly.  
James F. Young, private, Lafayette, Ga.; killed in action.  
James R. Blumherry, private, Whiteside; wounded severely.  
Charles McDaniel, private, Ooltewah; wounded severely.

The above-named young men of Chattanooga and vicinity appear on America's roll of honor. They were forth to battle for the great cause of world democracy, and so conducted themselves "over there" that they received credit on the military machine of the United States. Disease claimed Private Frank E. Watson, fell on the field of conflict. Many Chattanooga boys have appeared in the casualty lists, and the brave sons who represented this city "over there" demonstrated that the Volunteer state possessed clean fighters and brave soldiers.

Lieut. Sharp, Robert Sharp, of the 117th infantry, was severely wounded about Oct. 9 has been received by his mother, Mrs. Kate Sharp, who is now residing at Norfolk, Va., with her son, Horace Sharp, formerly an electrician on the battlefield. Lieut. Sharp served with Troop B on the Mexican border and returned to Chattanooga as battalion sergeant-major. He entered the officers' training camp when the United States took up arms against Germany and received a second lieutenant's commission. He went across with the 117th infantry and participated in the many battles in which the Old Hickory division engaged. He is a grandson of Capt. Charles W. Biese and a nephew of Robert W. Biese.

### URGES INSPECTION

Communication From Federal Health Service.

Dr. C. P. Knight, of the federal health service, has received a letter from the United States department of agriculture on "Dairy Inspection." In this communication is set forth the importance of dairy inspection in the raw state. Some of the points brought out are the following:

"Inspection of dairy farms will furnish evidence of disease in dairy cows and milk handlers. It will supply information regarding water supply and sewage disposal, both of which are important public health matters. It will enable the official to judge by personal acquaintance with the dairymen the best means of accomplishing hoped-for results. By accomplishing hoped-for results, he will be able to accomplish what might otherwise fall except by most drastic methods."

From another viewpoint it is also brought out that dairy inspection has a much broader meaning than simply looking into the dairies and reporting on light, ventilation and the smoothness of walls and ceilings. But, it says, "dairy inspection means first the coming into personal contact with the producer, and the establishment of a personal relationship between the control official and the dairymen. It means education in the dairy of the vast majority of cases. When dairy inspectors can prove to the dairymen that they have a detailed knowledge of milk production and handling, when they can approach the problems of the dairymen with sympathetic interest, the prime feature of milk control work will be accomplished."

Within the past several months there has been very little work carried on by the federal health service or the city health department among the dairy farms producing milk for Chattanooga consumption. Especially was this true during the influenza epidemic in October and November, when it called for the services of the entire health force of both the city and the United States public health service.

At present Dr. Knight's force of the federal service is somewhat depleted. He has neither a dairy inspector nor a man who can do this work at the dairy farms. It will also be remembered that since the employment of Dr. Ben H. Brown as city health director, there hasn't been a regular dairy inspector. The dairy farms from the city department of health. Up to the time Dr. Brown took up his new work here, G. W. Wilson acted as dairy inspector, but it is understood that it was the intention of Commissioner Huffaker not to appoint a regular dairy inspector to succeed Mr. Wilson, but to let Dr. Brown handle this phase of the health work too, along with the other.

### BACON AND BOOKS FROM BACKWOODS

(By Farmer Stokes.)

The enactment of the pure food law a few years ago revealed the fact that food adulterators in the city were hastening millions upon millions of the poor into their graves. This revelation was a great shock to the people. Since then it has made no difference how low the general market price has gone, I have sold my products. The city people have learned that on each Wednesday about 10 a.m. with my small scales and peck measure, on my spring wagon loaded with farm products, I drive my sweating mule up to a certain hitching post on the market square, and enough housewives, with baskets and buckets on their arms, are in waiting to rush up to take something in my wagon before taking time to ask the price.

Somewhere or other it seems that the very looks of my mule, as he is back in the hills where everything is fresh and pure; that my potatoes and turnips are direct from the ground; my beans and peas direct from the rows; my fruits direct from the trees and vines; my butter direct from the stone churn in the spring house; my eggs direct from the cacklings up in the barn mow, and my hams direct from my own log smokehouse.

Our discoveries in rural life, however, have been like those of a certain old maid. She insisted that she had discovered how to nurse discovered canaries, but never discovered how to nurse babies. We have discovered that the backwoods furnishes the best bread and the best bacon, but have not yet discovered that it furnishes the best books. We have discovered how to avoid the packers' oleo and embalmed meats, but have not discovered how to avoid the ground-headed writer's pipe dreams.

To be candid, the writer's pen is as peculiarly a farm implement as the plow, and, therefore, he is unreasonable to take it up into a city office to write a book as to take my plow and write mule up there to take my pen to the city. I am sure, one could write an adulterated book there, the same as they used to adulterate foods there. But if one wants to write a wholesome one, he must take his pen back on the farm with the plow.

Truly, so long as it takes the association of the soil and the plow, and the plow to grow bread and bacon, that long will it take the association with the plow and the prayer of the pen to write a book. Books that are written without this sweet association should die a-borning—go direct from the geurd to the grave.

So far as writing a book is concerned, the plow and the pen are absolutely inseparable. Just as it takes the low squeaks of the crib and the croons of the mother to pass the baby to slumber, just so it takes the squeaks of my mule's harness and the whisperings of the soil silencing my thoughts, to pass me in the Chattanooga plow to pass me in the city. I need forty feet to stamp—a suddenly unearthed bumblebee's nest that I don't take time to stamp—approach my mule begins to kneel, and an occasional nit fly at whom I quit off and continue my ramble in the realm of richest thought.

Not only do our city writers need the championship of the plow, but of the broad landscapes. "The city's brick walls have done for their minds what the Chinaman's feet—cramped them so close that there is a corn where every toe ought to expand. Even if they were to write a book it could not reach beyond the nearest brick walls—could not speak of anything but the cramps on their own corns."

All city writers are suffering more or less from the cramps, and before pretending to write should do like Jim Miller. Poor Jim a few years ago got out in a machinists' strike and came and bought forty acres adjoining me on the east and went to farming; that is, his wife went to farming and he went to talking vociferously for his labor union, the Baptist church and government ownership. Whoever would not stop to listen him lost his friendship right there and then; and when one failed to agree with him he had to either run or fight.

There was dawning for poor Jim a brighter day, however; when his dozen Black Spanish hens that he bought that spring from Parson Davis began to cluck their second happy words up into evening time, the half-Jersey heifer I sold him to low affectionately to a newborn calf, his potatoes to bulge out through the cracks in the ridges, and his blue-plushed turnips to scrouge one another out of the hillside patch, he decided that prosperity was not predicated on membership in a labor union.

About the middle of the following November the Methodists at Piney Grove, the Christians at Elm Rock, the Presbyterians at Jackson's Ridge and the Baptists at Swan Creek went and helped Jim crib his corn and haul his winter wood. That evening, as the sun began to tangle down through the treetops and the tired teamsters commenced to wheel off up the lane toward home, poor Jim glanced first at his mill, well-fed crib, around which his chickens were pecking on a half dozen or more ears of rolled-off corn, and next at his pile of wood tall enough to defy the storms of winter, then down at his Baptist church which was only one of the many great religious denominations which, hand in hand, are going around over the world doing good.

About thirty days later Jim had me go over and help him kill his three hogs, and the following day help him cut them up and salt them; also take

the lead in helping his wife render out lard, grind sausage and make some meat. When the meat was spread along the clumsy table in his small smokehouse and covered with snowy salt, the lard poured into the cans and the sausage and some meat packed down in stone crocks and set upon the shelf, he hoisted his greasy hands to his hips and looked at them meditatively for a minute, then decided that he could render our country better service under individual ownership than under government control; that rather than put our great government to the expense of coming down and hanging up and smoking his meat when it had taken enough salt and drying his calf to the back field when it got old enough to wean, he concluded that he could look after them himself; not only that, but he said he had begun to see that without individual ownership we would soon have no government, anyway.

Today Jim is a wonderfully broad man; so wonderfully broad that he can't crowd himself down into any labor union that does not have in its membership every true American citizen. So broad that he can't join a church that will not fraternize outside its own membership. So broad that he no longer wants his government to help him, but wants to help the government. In fact, he has become so broad that he recognizes the Constitution as his creed, every true American citizen as his brother, and the Old Stars and Stripes his only walking delegate this side of heaven. Jim is now broad enough to take up his pen and write; not only to write, but to write the true thing; the thing like that of "The Patriot."

### SENDS INTERESTING MAP

Private R. O. Lane incloses Bit of Effective Allied Propaganda. An interesting history is attached to a map and German postcard which have been sent to R. B. Lane, of the local postoffice department, by his son, Private R. O. Lane, who is "over there" with the headquarters company of the Fifty-first Infantry. Homefolks are curious to know the story of the soldier, but must wait until Private Lane returns home, and he hopes it will not be long before he will again be in Chattanooga.

### EMMANUEL ARRIVES

Italy's King Greeted by Great Crowd Sufferers. Paris, Dec. 19.—F. Y. Clarke, head of the Red Cross organization in the southeast announced that the signing of the armistice has enabled the United States government to sell the Red Cross committee for 100 beds each, including complete equipment, and 300 tons, fifteen hospitals of the government, already been completed in Turkey, Armenia and Syria. The equipment purchased from the government will be immediately moved from France, including a large amount of medical supplies. The motor trucks are to be used in returning refugees and distributing food throughout starving districts.

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